



A. Brodeur
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The WINTER CARNIVAL ILLUSTRATED MONTREAL

PUBLISHED BY
GEO. BISHOP & CO

1889

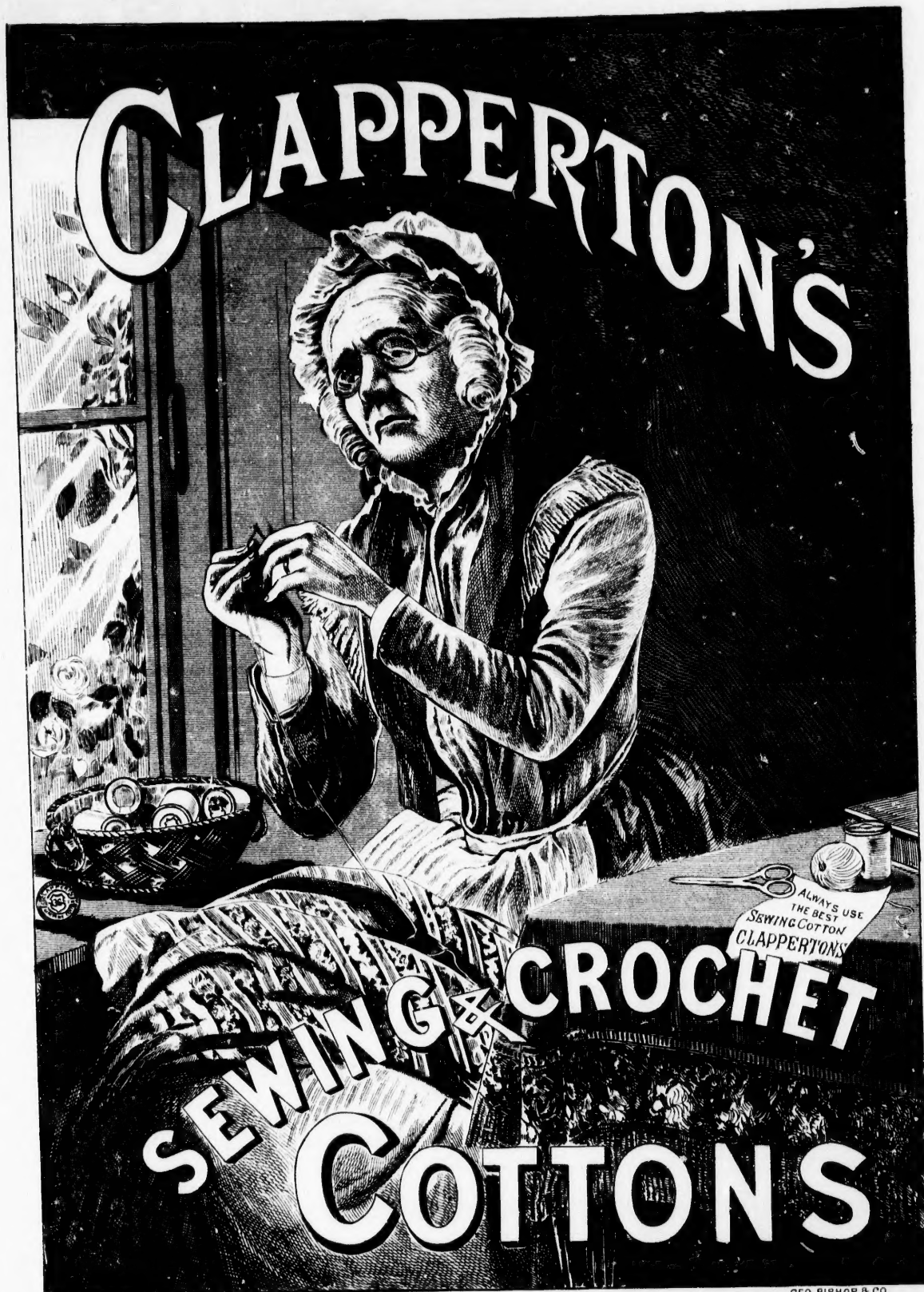
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1889

CLAPPERTON'S



SEWING & CROCHET COTTONS

PHOTO-LITH BY

GEO. BISHOP & CO.

THE WINTER CARNIVAL

ILLUSTRATED
MONTREAL
1894

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OLD AND YOUNG CANADA.

The Carnival.

GLORIES OF A CANADIAN WINTER.

BY JAMES HARPER.

Ho, for the Carnival! What is there in the word that makes the pulse beat quickly and the eyes grow bright—that sends a glow through the whole being, and makes the heart thrill with suppressed expectation? Our Winter Carnival! The word carnival is known not alone in the land which first gave it eight letters, but the world over. It suggests gaiety, joy and merriment, which no other word could conjure up. It might be used to express any department of human enjoyment, but includes all. Poets, musicians, writers, painters, and playwrights have paid homage to the carnival under southern sunny skies—have vied with each other in their description of the twelve days before Lent, in characterizing which the word carnival is used. Rome, Genoa, Venice, Florence, Malta,—all the way along the Mediterranean—aye, even to gloomy, stern, un-Spanish Gibraltar, the peer and peasant, soldier and statesman, do homage to the carnival. No town or hamlet in that region of warmth and sunshine but joins in celebrating the merry season. Who can tell a tithe of the story of that gladsome time? Can anyone even imagine it, stop to calculate the sum of human happiness—the eternity of blissful recollection—that these grand carnivals of Southern Europe have added up since their inception in past centuries? Where has the web of memory woven by mutual loves and fellowship ended? or has it not spanned the habitable globe until it reached around and back again to the carnival, to be re-spun and re-set each year? And, ah me, the disappointments! But let them pass; my theme is of joy and not sorrow. Is it beauty? Where brighter eyes than the Neapolitan belle's who looks mischievously down from the windows of the Strada del Toledo or the Chiuga upon the kaleidoscope of noisy humanity below; or the merry maidens who, for the nonce, mock their chaperones, as Juliet did for Romeo, and kiss their hands gaily to the foreign gentlemen threading their way along the piazzas of Rome, through crowds of maskers and lazy lazzaroni who make Rome and every other Italian city uncomfortable. Is it music, love, poetry or song? The carnival is the season for all. There should be no sleep in those days, no business, no schools, no churches, I had almost said, but then, what would the funerals do? Aye, there must be funerals, even if they mingle with the gay procession. We must in the midst of our gaiety be prepared to meet our God at a moment's call. Yes; we must count in the churches. Do you wish for dignity, art, science, classic lore? All are there at the carnival—to be seen or to see. It is a joyous, mirthful season. Who can gainsay the Italian's right of proprietorship of the word? No one need try.

But we in America know also what true enjoyment is. We have not a twelve-day feast. We have our festivals, and celebrated, too, they have been: Boston's Peace Jubilee, Philadelphia's Centennial, New Orleans' Mardi-Gras. But there is a full stop. That great spectacle which tens of thousands flocked to see is the pride of the Louisianian. He revels in recollections of its gorgeous panoply of splendor. Few spectacles in old Europe can compare with the Antiques and Horribles, the Grotesques and Comicals, the historical and musical displays of that festival, carnival or spectacle—call it what you will.

Where could a carnival succeed out of the sunny south, whether of Europe or America? Who would have dreamed of finding any warmth in the far-away North—in what is usually deemed Frozen Canada? Sunny New Orleans, with her wealthy, warm-hearted people, the chivalry of the South, the heaven of old France in the Louisiana blood, the impulse of Spain, the calculation of the Yankee, and all tintured with the other and Northern people of Europe, could easily be looked to for such splendor as Mardi-Gras day sees in that city. But to seek rival splendors in far-off Canada—who would have believed it? Who, indeed, would have thought of it had there been no inspiration to guide the brain that originated it. It was not the idea of the native Canadian any more than it was of the naturalized Canadian. There were many heads, hearts and tongues engaged in thinking it over before it was whispered, but the young Canadian generally believed to have mentioned it publicly in the first place was R. D. McGibbon, a rising young lawyer. Evergreen Hughes is believed to have only re-echoed the suggestion, if indeed he ever spoke of it. The idea took the form of newspaper articles, then developed into a public meeting, and, "all hands around," as they say in Vermont, and the project of a carnival spread like wild-fire. Young McGibbon was accorded the chairmanship of the Committee. People who do not know what frost and snow are could hardly believe that a carnival in winter could be made a success. But the men who once were boys on Boston Common or skaters in the public garden, who careered on Boston harbor

when it was frozen over,—the thousands who have coasted on the New Hampshire Hills or sat behind fast trotters on Lake Champlain,—the New Yorkers who have been drawn behind the jingling bells on Harlem Road, or sat in the flying ice-boats of Peekskill as they flew over glare ice,—they all know what a world of merriment the proposition presaged. If these pleasure-loving people revelled in their few weeks of excellent sleighing and coasting, how much more were Canadians likely to do so? We who have built snow houses, fought snowball battles, skated, coasted, tobogganed, snowshoed,—how much more enthusiastic were not we likely to be in meeting the proposal? It was no wonder, with so much to recommend it, that the idea was so quickly raised, shoulder-high first, and then pushed to the height of the ice palace, its splendors, and the accompanying incidents in last winter's great carnival. No place the world over affords scope for such a week of amusement as does Montreal, the central point of railways running to all points except the far North,—with New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Albany, Portland, many other cities and a hundred towns within a few hours by rail. Always certain of sleighing, snowshoeing, skating, curling, an ice bridge over the St. Lawrence, and the brightest possible weather; with ice of any required thickness for palace building.

And then the nights, when the moon shines brightly. Has any other part of America save our frozen North, as she is called, ever seen such brightness—when the whole arc of heaven shimmers with the brilliancy of diamonds; but, no—the simile will not do, for no tiara of diamonds can compare with such a scene. The stars of themselves on these frosty nights seem to glow with glory that is warm, while the moon sheds such a flood of light that a pearl edition of the Bible or the smallest print used by any newspaper on the continent can be read with ease. The atmosphere is bracing, clear, purity itself—no danger from malaria or mosquitoes,—nothing save Jack Frost, and we can get on even terms with him easily enough, well wrapped up for driving in fur coat and cap, or the ladies fair in their seal or mink cloaks, circulars, or the later-day dolman; but for walking the lighter, well-knit whitney, pilot cloth or frieze, with the blanket coat and moccasins for snowshoeing or tobogganing. There is warmth, love and melody under Italian skies, pomp and pageantry in Louisiana; but we Canadians have them all. They roll comfortably up into one word, Poetry, with us, and this, like the snowball that gathers as it is rolled along, fills the mountains, lakes and the valleys until it is heard in the song of the snowshoer, the wild halloo of the skater, the roar of the curling stones, the shout of the toboggan party, and is re-echoed in the music of the bells, the pealing laughter of the sleighing party, as the lovers dash along toward the rendezvous where the poetic frenzy takes motion to the music of the gentle waltz or unpretending cotillon. Aye, it may well be called poetry. Never was there more sentiment in anything. It is these nights of which the youth dreams and, recollecting which, the old man sighs. The youth looks forward to the meeting with his comrades and the rugged hill or storm-beaten waste for the snowshoe tramp. He finds the hours pass slowly—"stand still withal"—to quote Shakespeare—until he again sees the bright eyes of the lass he helped over the fence after tying the snowshoes on the wee feet; or he hopes to see the fair face at the skating rink or the toboggan hill. But to him who has passed his prime—who has buried his anticipation in the realization,—the cup slipped, only the favor left,—the "touch of a vanished hand, or the sound of a voice that is still." These recollections! What would we give in exchange for them? Shadows of the past—never to be again a substance—a dream, a glorious panorama that passes,—snowshoe comrades, hockey parties, toboggans, bobsleighs, skating masquerades—the school girls; aye, and school marmas, too—our girls of long ago—all move along before us, until the dimmed eyes can see it pass in review no longer, and the unbidden sigh awakes us to the stern realities of the present. This is the double dream—before and after. But in all this is there no warmth? Is there nothing in which we North Americans and Canadians cannot clasp hands and feel a pride? Why, we revel in our own Canadian climate and our winter sports as we did in the snow piles we reared when boys to do our double somersaults in. We love the whirling drift and the frozen ponds and glare-ice hills as well as the Southron in Europe his sunny skies or his carnival of the dance or theatre; and though our rhythm is of a different cast who can say that we do not draw poetry and music from it? It is of its own pure cast,—there is no counterfeiting it.

Last year was the first attempt to group our glorious winter sports together, and offer to the world an original bill of fare. It was a varied one. It was, like many other ideas, full of risk. Who will come here in winter? asked the cynic. The answer came in such overwhelming force as to leave us hardly room for it—so many

thousands. It was taking Montreal by storm. From New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Toronto, Detroit, Quebec, Washington, Chicago, from every town and hamlet between, they poured in, until the hotels were overflowed, and private houses inundated with the visiting throng. But all were made welcome. Some tried the skating, others anxious to see the curling; others grew enthusiastic about the tobogganing, while snowshoeing gratified the curious, and sleigh drives, always at hand, satisfied the multitude. The formal opening of the ice palace, its procession of snowshoe clubs, the flaring torches, the hissing fireworks, and the ice palace aglow with all the brightness that electric light could give to it, or rivaling the aurora in the suddenness of its change of color. The silent, ghostly palace of congealed water seemed to have taken life to itself, and each ice block reflected the light in its own way. Wonderland was nothing to its beauties, with the difference that the palace was real and the other imaginary. Tens of thousands of visitors witnessed the formal opening of the palace, and the scene was unique. Inside the enclosure had been placed parties in charge of the fireworks, and for a quarter of an hour there was an upward shower of Roman candles in their variety, rockets, bombs, containing floral display, and fiery serpents. Greek fire shed its lurid light around, and the parties delivering the opening and welcoming speeches looked like a group of weird sisters in Macbeth. Meanwhile the palace lights blazed away, and the falling snow gave the best possible representation of a Canadian winter's night.

Finally, the indoor sport came to close up the Carnival: the great ball at the Windsor Hotel. It was a gathering of beauty and fashion from all parts of the continent and a few aristocrats from Europe added. It was a fitting close to the Carnival. It was full of incident and variety. How many friendships grew out of it, how many acquaintances ripened into cords of affection, how many knots were tied on these cords by clergymen, Cupid alone can tell. We leave him to whisper his own story to the winds, it is not our duty here to record it.

Is there not a warmth and joyousness in the events grouped together in this Canadian Winter Carnival? Can it be said that "frozen Canada" has no good thing to offer the pleasure-seeker in the long winter days of Jack Frost. We glory in our snow, delight in our climate, grow vigorous and healthy in it, whether in doors or out of doors; we "chase the glowing hours with flying feet," as Byron says, and, above and beyond all, we never enjoy it better than when we have visitors from over the border or across the seas to share it along with us. Then, all hail the Montreal Carnival of our Canadian winter sports; may the recollections of the first never grow cold until warmed up and reinforced by memories of the second, and so on to the third and fourth, until the coming generations will as soon think of giving up a custom they shall have been born to as would the Italian his twelve days before Lent, which first was called the Carnival, and from whom we borrow the word, with thanks. Hail, the Carnival of 1884! All hail!!

To the above sketch by Mr. Harper may be added a word or two about Montreal and her progress. Twenty years ago the population was below one hundred thousand, while to-day it reaches one hundred and fifty, or, with surrounding suburbs added, about two hundred thousand. Her wharves are several miles long, and can accommodate thirty or forty ocean steamers, half a hundred sailing vessels, and large numbers of river and coasting craft. The Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific, Delaware and Hudson, South Eastern, Central Vermont, North Shore, Canada Atlantic and other railways contribute to Montreal's importance. Her Lachine Canal gives water-power to scores of mills, her public buildings, churches and convents are imposing and attractive. McGill University, affiliated with which are the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational Colleges, is well known. The Montreal and Jesuits' College are Roman Catholic, and have a large number of students. Montreal's banking capital represents nearly forty millions, and the Montreal Bank, with nearly sixteen millions of capital, ranks among the six largest banks in the world.

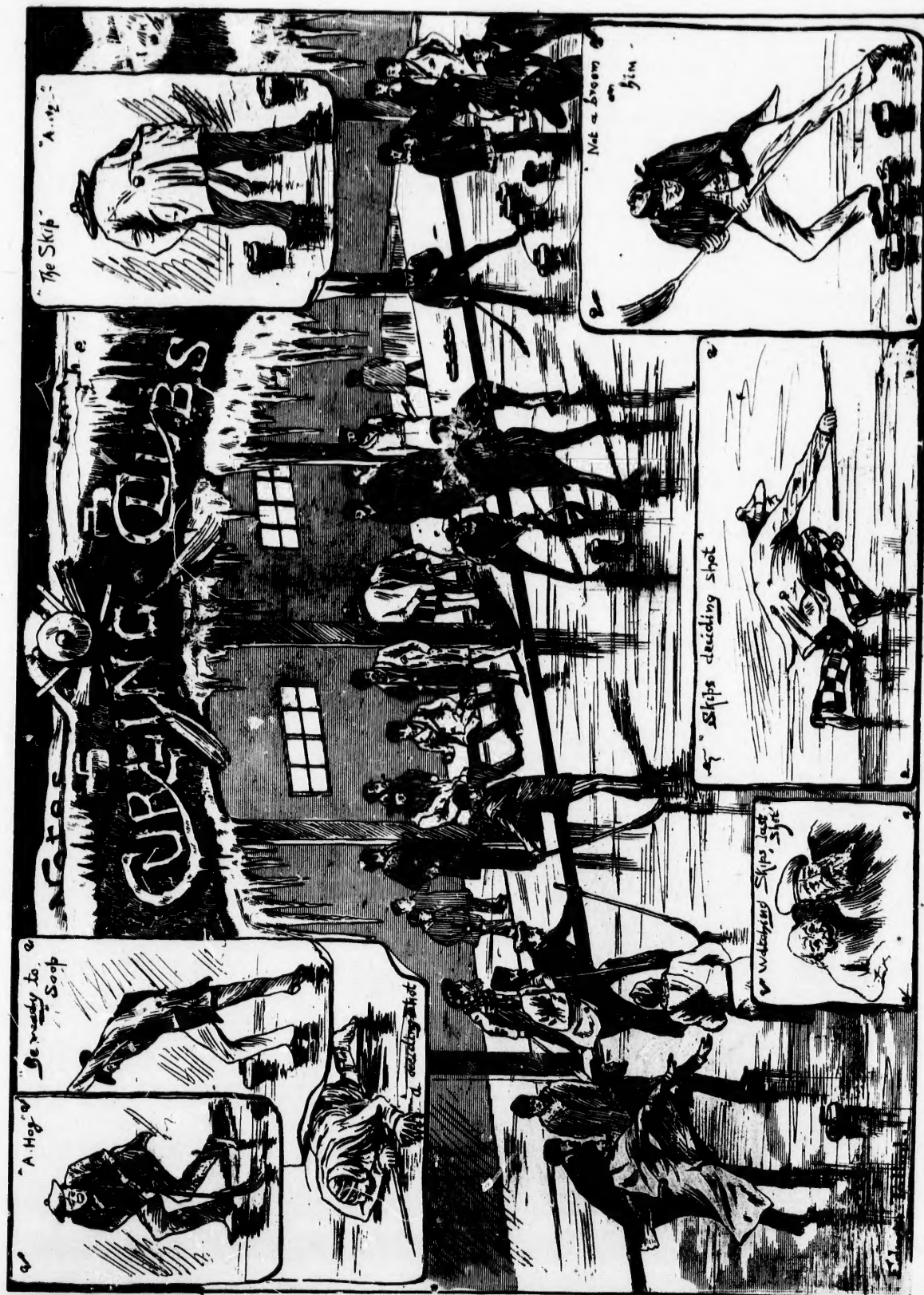
The wonderful expansion of Montreal, like the expansion of any other great city, is best exemplified in the rise and progress of its newspaper press. The Montreal Star, by its marvelous development, is a striking example of newspaper success, and faithfully reflects the rapid rise and advancement of Montreal. Only a few years ago the Star had a circulation of about four thousand. To-day it has a circulation of ninety odd thousand, an increase of two thousand per cent. in ten years. The Star's circulation rivals that of many of the great Metropolitan papers of New York, Boston and Chicago. It is equipped with lightning presses and plant of the most approved and modern manufacture, indicative of the vitality there is in our great and promising city.

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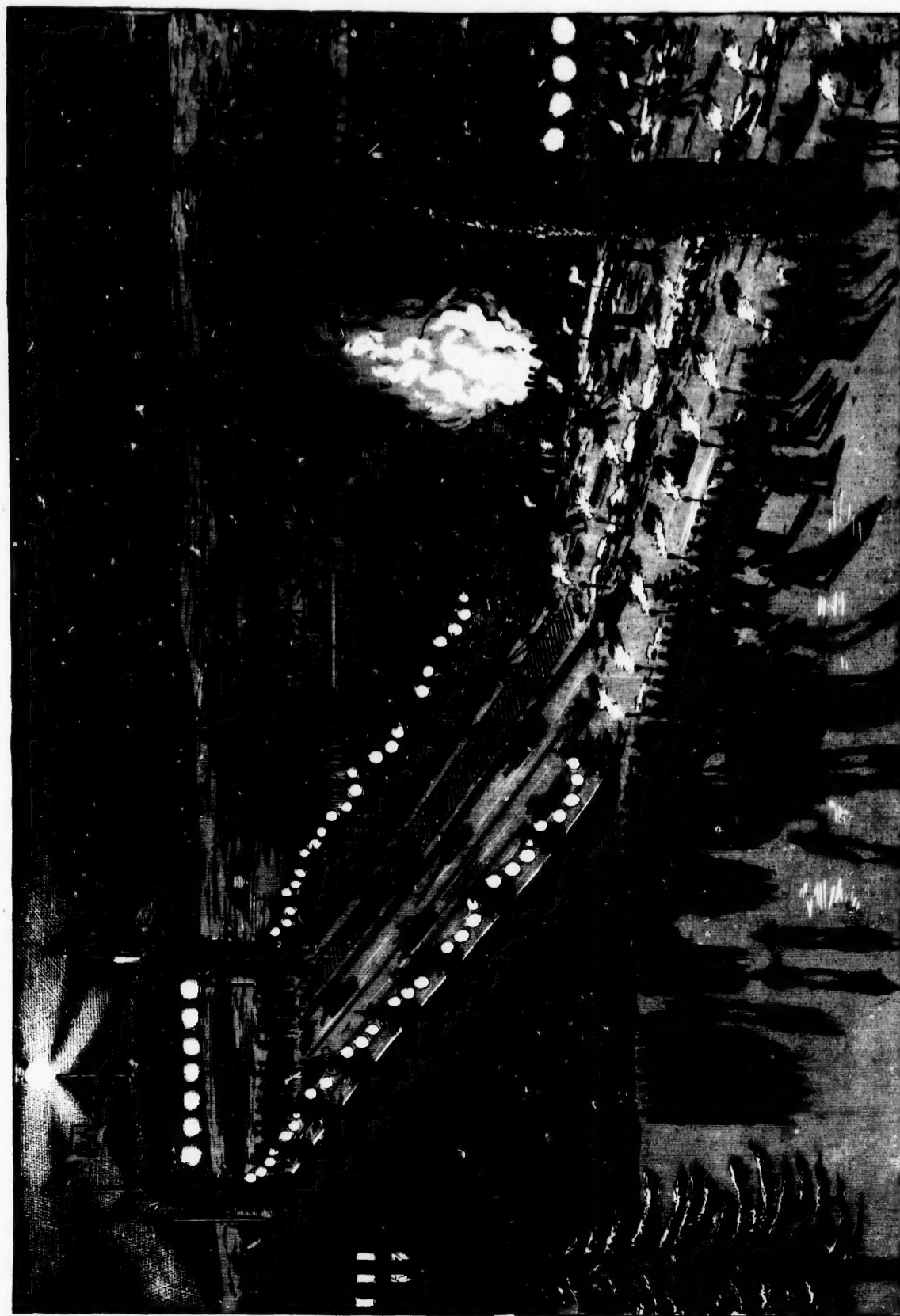
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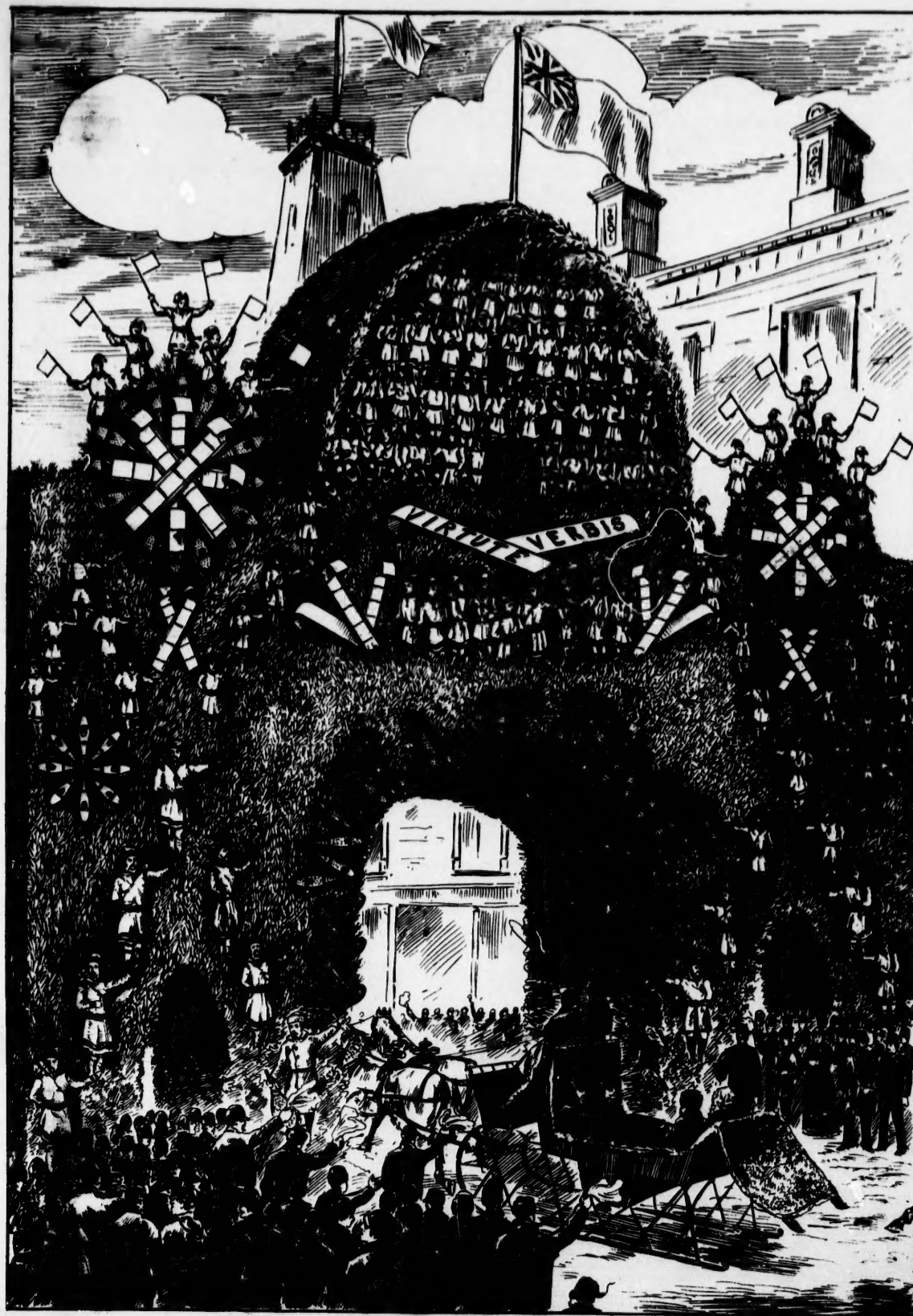


TUQUE BLEUE TOBOGGAN SLIDE. (NIGHT SCENE.)

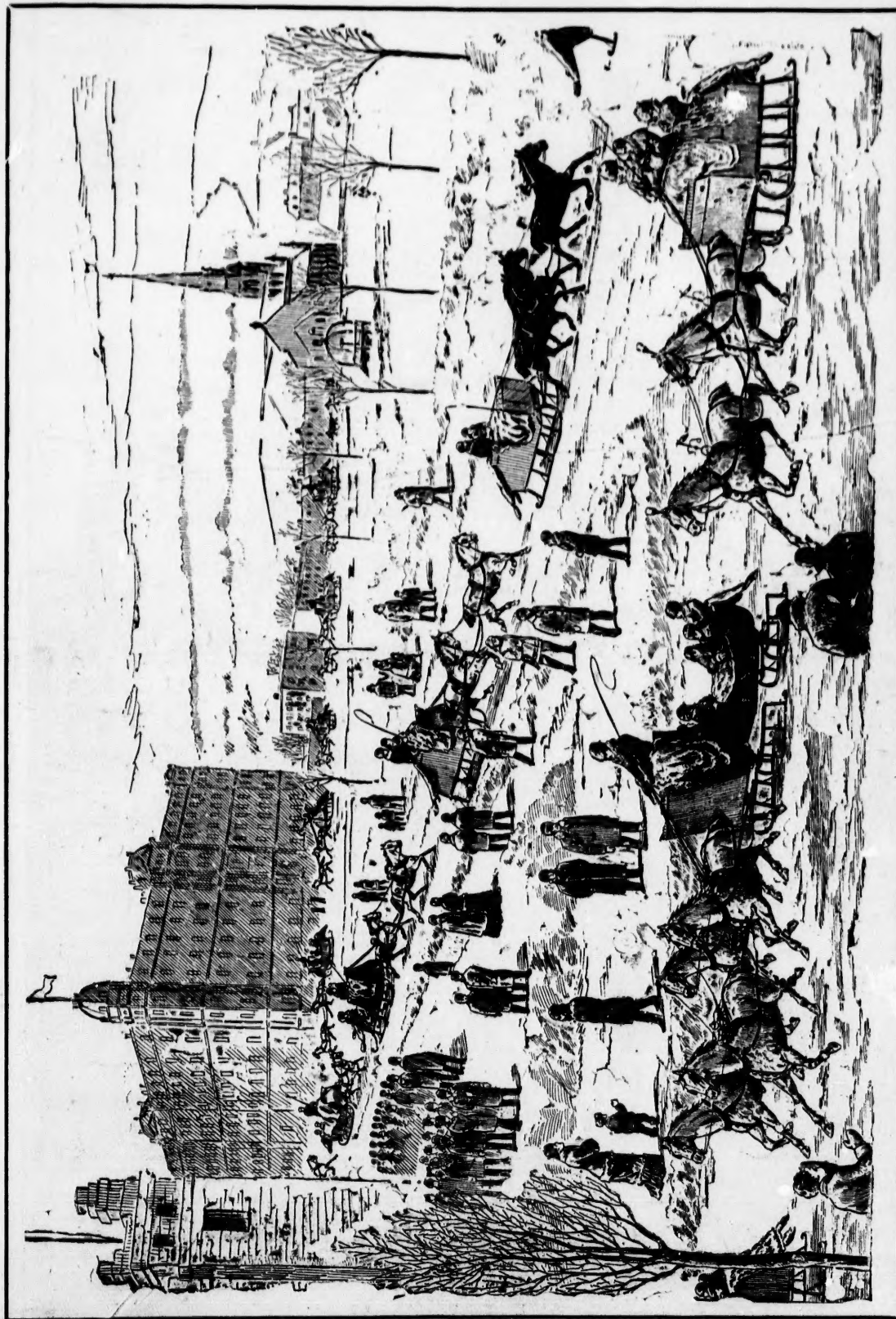
TUQUE BLEUE TOBOGGAN SLIDE, (NIGHT SCENE.)



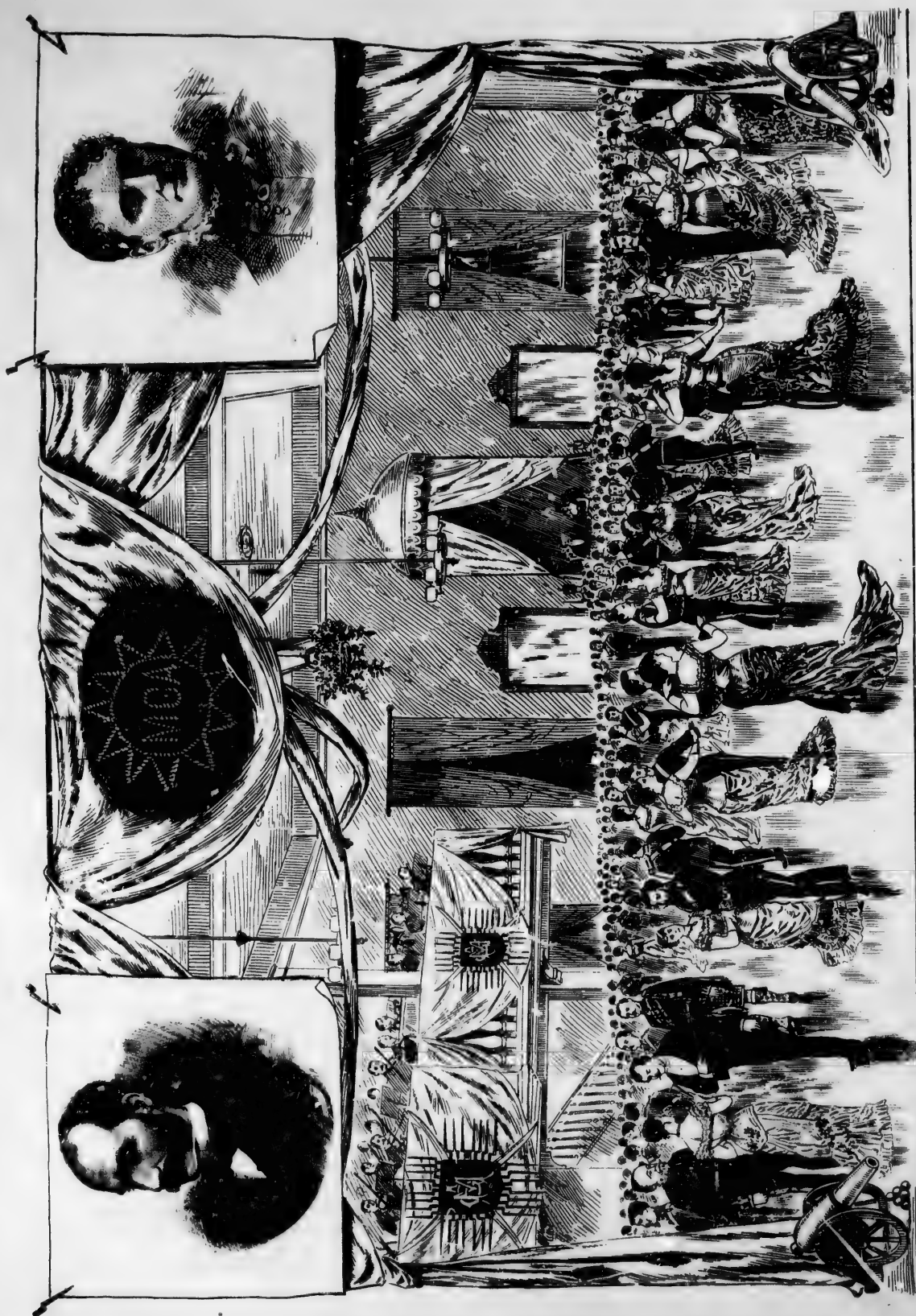
COASTING.



SNOW SHOERS ARCH,
MANNED BY 200 MEMBERS OF THE DIFFERENT SNOW-SHOE CLUBS.



THE TANDEM CLUB DRIVE THROUGH, DOMINION SQUARE



BALL ON THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE CARNIVAL

Given to His Excellency the Governor General and Lady Lansdowne, by Lieut-Colonel Oswald and Officers of the Brigade of Montreal Garrison Artillery.

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PUBLISHED BY

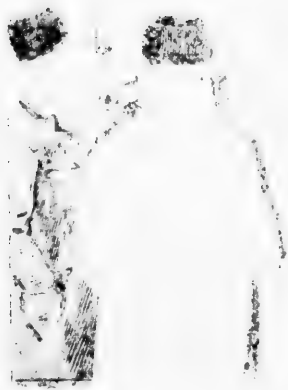
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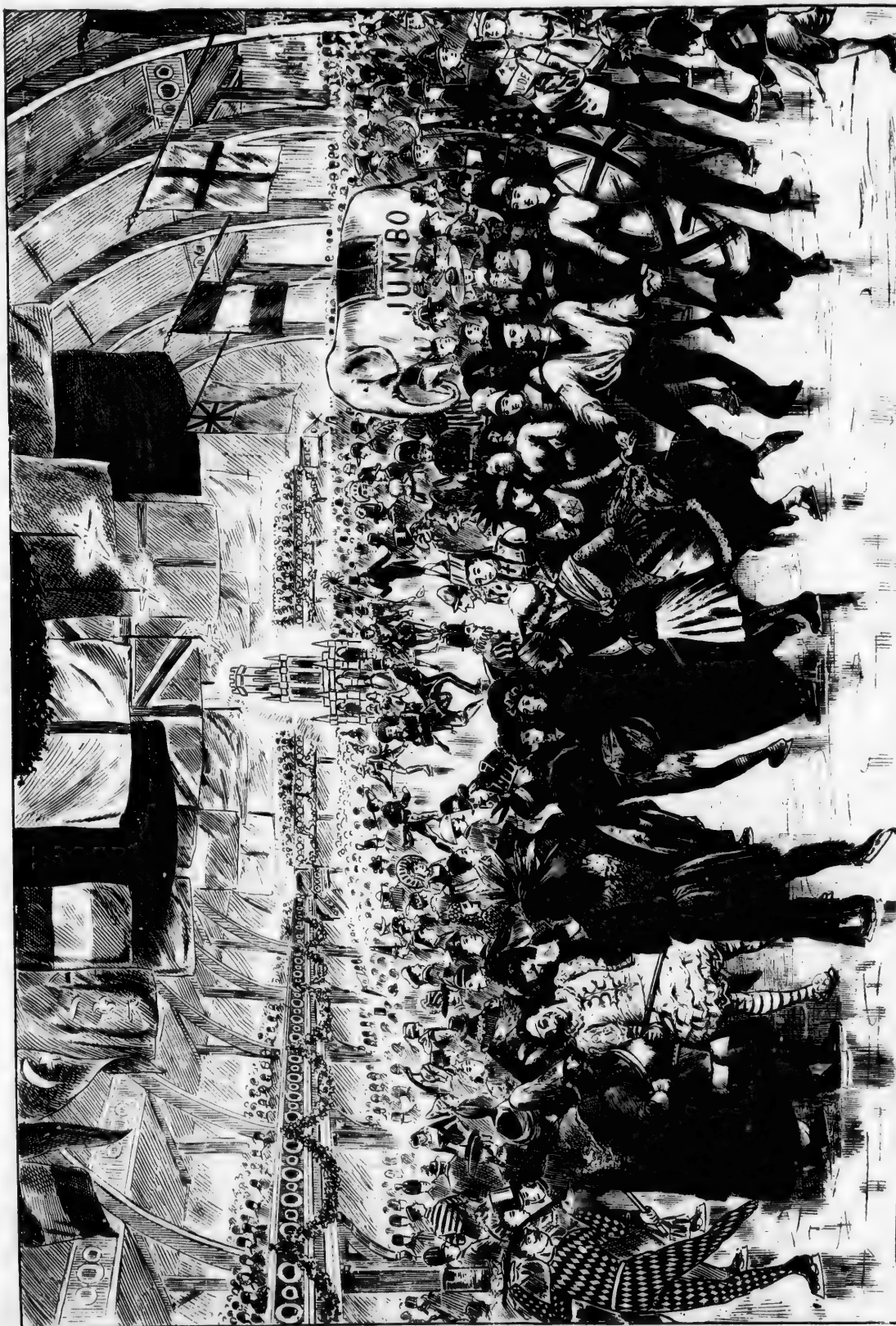


PARADE OF ICE PALACE.

MONTREAL WINTER CARNIVAL 1884.

GEO BISHOP & CO.





MASQUERADE AT THE VICTORIA SKATING RINK.

CANADIAN WINTER SPORTS.

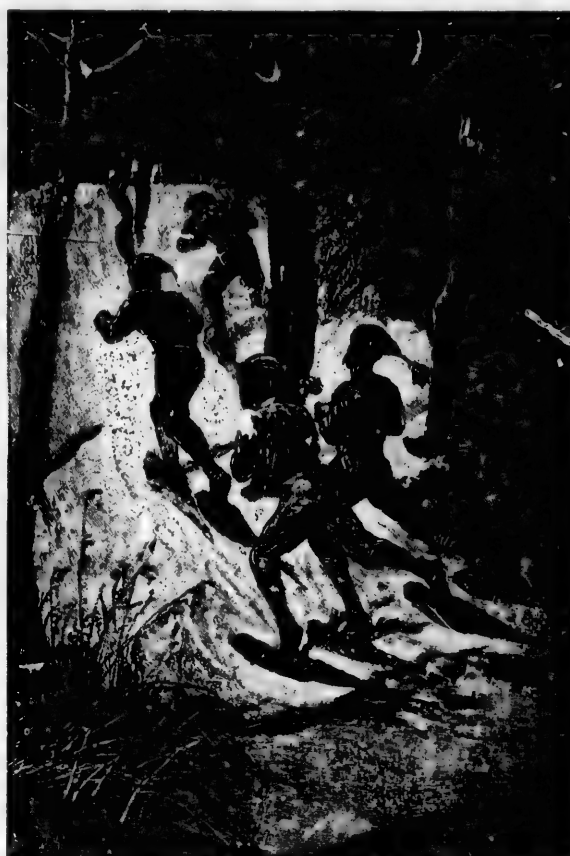
Our winter sports, which a score of years ago were thought only good enough for boys and girls, now have attained to national significance; they are popular from one end of Canada to the other—and we have a country of distances; more, they are the basis of our Carnival, and will do more than aught else to dispel the notion that our winter days possess untold terrors for the Canadian citizen and his guests. A quarter of a century ago they were not entitled to even an ordinary item in our newspapers. But to-day the local press has the appearance of incompleteness if it is without an excellent report of snowshoe races, toboggan parties, skating rink dress evenings, or competitive skating—alluding, of course, strictly to winter sports now. But while the average senior Canadian looked askance on the pleasures of out-of-door sports then the visitors from afar were not slow to see their beauties. British Army officers quartered here and their friends, wives and daughters,

took very gracefully to the sleighing and the skating, and during the period of the armed occupation of the country there was no absence of merrymaking out, as well as in, doors. But for all that there was no nationality about the sports. Snowshoeing was deemed to be an exceedingly useful accomplishment of the sportsman who tracked his deer in the snow and ran it down with his dogs and hauled it to camp with his toboggan or Indian sleigh. The farmer sometimes used the snowshoe, but not often—especially the English farmer. When the shoes were first used by the British Canadian youth to cross country for exercise, our French Canadian friends were slow to take up the idea. They now fall into line quite gracefully and soon will be, as they ought to be, much more numerous than British Canadian snowshoers. So with other sports, which will draw the nationalities closer together, and do as much as any other thing to make us all Canadians, in the

strict sense of the word. The army, drawing inspiration from the deeds and tradition of the aborigines, recognized early in the period of British occupation the necessity, not to speak of convenience, which the snowshoe must be to the soldier in a campaign in Canada during the snows of winter. Fancy a detachment of troops on the march along country roads covered up in a drifting snow with an enemy on snowshoes in pursuit or harassing them. The utter helplessness of the detachment would soon be apparent. Skirmishers on snowshoes could comfortably assail ten times their number, remain out of reach of the bayonet, and in comparative safety from either artillery or infantry firing, while at the same time they could easily communicate with their base of supplies. A few men could thus tire out and exhaust an invading or retreating army. Appreciating these facts, the British war office never allowed its regiments here to do without snowshoes.

It was a source of great trial to Her Majesty's Household troops to go through their snowshoe drill when first initiated to its mysteries and its mishaps. Those who saw the first efforts of the six foot guard-men or Foot's Fusiliers will recollect how they looked on and laughed like to spit their sides at the drill. The men did not require to be told to "fall in." They fell in naturally, and went head over heels; this performance generally bringing down two or three others, all floundering in the snow after the fashion of a foot-ball scramble or scummage, while the officers' smothered laughter would often break into a volley. But after a few lessons they succeeded admirably, and before they left Canada were adepts in the use of the shoes. Many learned to run races in them. It must be remembered that there is not now-a-days as much use for the snowshoe in the vicinity of Montreal as there was at the time of which we speak—the city and country roads are easily accessible to pedestrian and equestrian—but for cross country travelling they are indispensable. Those who love the summer rambles across the fields are not likely to rest content with the parallel roads in winter, and the longing for the white fields and the covered hills leads them to adopt the snowshoe, their only means of locomotion. Miles and miles of the deepest snow can be and are crossed, and ravines which would otherwise be the wayfarer's grave are passed over without the shoes sinking more than a few inches.

Men are gregarious, especially young men, and the habit of crossing the country on snowshoes led to the formation of little coteries, until the latter grew to the dignity of clubs, and soon the spirit of emulation sprang up. Races of all distances were run, and at length the habit of meeting for races grew to be the annual



STREPLE-CHASSE.

woefully beaten some years ago in a challenge series of races, made some very disparaging remarks concerning the light and narrow soles of the victors.

"Well, get your best man out and we will pit our man against him for any distance across country, each man to have his choice of snowshoes."

This settled the grumbler. These races of the snowshoe clubs comprise the same distances generally as are given at foot athletic meetings, and the time made varies from five minutes forty-eight seconds to six minutes or more, to the mile, according to the speed of the runners or condition of the track. A quarter-mile, done in five seconds more than a minute, and two miles in twelve minutes and thirty seconds are fairly good records; in fact, they are first-class, and are very close upon ordinary amateur foot records upon the turf. The shoe varies in weight from three-quarters of a pound to six ounces, though some are even less. It is framed very much as the lawn tennis bat, and webbed with deer hide, or catgut cut in thin stripes and woven to about the same condition as a cane-seated chair, as will be noticed from the illustrations. It thus forms a flat surface for the foot to rest upon

and buoys up the body over the snow. Just where the toes rest upon the shoe is a loop-hole large enough for them only to pass through. The toes only are strapped tightly at the rear part of this hole, and as the shoe is drawn over the surface of the snow the toes work as if on a hinge in the space allowed by the hole or opening. The strap keeps them from going too far through, and acts as a lifter for the snowshoe every time the foot is raised and thrown forward for a step. So great is the ease with which these shoes can be run with that hurdle races over leaps three feet six high form part of the racing programmes of each club. But besides these clubs are other social little coteries, in which ladies are members. The dance with these clubs means something. To the sturdy snowshoer there is more poetry of motion and pleasure in dancing with "some other fellow's sister" rather than a brother. Besides the foot of feminine gender looks its prettiest in a well-fitting moccasin. It is more attractive, and in tying on the snowshoe the thoughts pass over the arched instep and around the neat ankle; and the strings get loose so often, and the shoe comes off at the fences. Thus the gallantry of the stern escort is called forth very often. In this kind of snowshoe tramp, needless to say,

custom. One club's success as a social institution induced the formation of other clubs. The fashion was to tramp across the virgin snow to some outlying hamlet or village. There the table is spread for the hungry, healthy, boisterous crew, and afterwards the smoke curls gracefully from a score of pipes, as the snowshoe yarn is spun or the last racing record discussed. The piano and the comic song, or still more comic dance, follows. But here I may explain that they dance without snowshoes. Men can fight, shoot, run and jump, on snowshoes; they could dance too, perhaps—a war dance—but when it comes to a waltz or a set of quadrilles, or any other sort of *file terpsichorean*, then we warn our visitors not to do it with snowshoes on. It might look new, there might be a spice of originality about it, but there would hardly be room enough for many sets at, say, the Carnival ball in the Windsor Hotel. But the snowshoe braves do capital dancing without shoes, and the flying heels do not hurt their partners' skins, as they career around the room, their feet encained in moccasins. Thus the hours are passed until the well-satisfied crowd are reminded that home lies across the snow a dozen miles away, and there is a strapping-on of shoes and a whoop of the leader, answered by the "whipper-in" with his "all up." In Indian file they pass noiselessly along in the moonlight until the song and chorus are started. There is no occasion to pull down fences. The snow is high and they are easily leaped. Some of them are never seen at all.

The shoes which are generally worn by the city club men are much more elaborate than those of the lumbermen or hunter, and these latter gentlemen are inclined to sneer at them as useless. One or two lumbermen of Ottawa who had had the chagrin of seeing their crack runners

they do not walk in Indian file, they saunter along two by two, and very often continue to do so through their after-life. How many romances of the snowshoe could be written were the secrets of such social tramps to become known! But the wind whispers no echo of the gently sighed sentiments, and they must be imagined.

Indian runners have achieved most success in the distances over half a mile, but under that distance the white men almost always beat them hollow. An amusing incident is told of Keroniari, perhaps the fleetest of the Iroquois who ever ran in Montreal. A Dominion "Sprinter" with some friends visited Caughnawaga, and arranged to run him a race of one hundred yards. Keroniari was beaten; two hundred yards Keroniari was beaten again; a quarter of a mile, Keroniari was again beaten—distanced. At this he excitedly took off his hat, threw it upon the ground, danced a war dance on it, and shrieked out, "I can run you one mile, two miles, any miles at all!" Needless to say the excited Indian had been quite taken by surprise and his chagrin was great. In a two-mile race afterwards this same Indian was able to beat a white man, a member of the Dominion Snowshoe Club, some twenty

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feet, the closest approach any white man ever made to him, at that his famous distance, and which he then ran in 12.30, having been well pushed. More than the usual share of this sketch has been devoted to snowshoeing, for the reason that it is the chief among Canadian sturdy sports. Its votaries are the leading spirits of the day. Without them there had been no Carnival. They are the bone and sinew of our country, and some have become its brains, energy, and money-bags too. Their picturesque white blanket coats and colored sashes, their tuques of blue, red, green or varied colors lend much of the charm to the carnival. Our legislative halls, counting houses, banks, bench and bar can boast of their snowshoers, all of them the better for the exercise of their youth.

Last year's carnival was enjoyed by the toboggan parties. At the Montreal slide the visitors were shown how quickly the descent of a thousand feet can be made. All the mysteries were explained to visitors who desired to see what it was like. How many hundred New Yorkers were captivated by the, to them, novel experience, was witnessed by the number of toboggans of all sizes—momentous—that were carried away. Here it may be said that the trophies carried across the lines were numerous. The toy snowshoes made by the Indians were the chief object, but every one endeavored to carry home something. Writers have poked fun at our American cousins. They are accused of having carried away many portions of the pyramids in Egypt, whole blocks of Pompeii,

and of having even defaced works of art in the Louvre. But our ice palace was safe. No great number of our cousins ever undertook to chip off pieces from the ice palace and carry them home in their carpet bags.

The snowshoe races were also well attended, and so were the fancy dress entertainments at the Victoria Skating Rink also very freely visited. Then the curling bonspiel induced to visit us several hundred curlers from the country side, Scotsman, sons of Auld Scotia. Many of these gentlemen were from New York, and the covered rinks in the city, rinks on the river side and elsewhere, were all well attended. There is so much mathematics in this game that one almost fancies the Scots are trying to solve a problem in Euclid. The sport consists in sliding

stones shaped like a tea-bun with a handle in it along the ice to reach a given point—the apex of a triangle—and which is called the tee. The players have the advantage in this—they have all the fun.

The trotting-races upon the bosom of the St. Lawrence was one of last year's attractions. A half-mile course staked out and properly flagged, with room for a dozen horses abreast, and good turns for the light cutters was laid out, and over this the mile heats were trotted in marvelous time.

Hockey, our American visitors will recognize at once. What New Hampshire or Vermont boy has not played this game with the old fashioned Dutch "turnup" skates strapped upon his feet? How the lakes and ponds among the granite hills, or the ice fringe of the New Yorkers' Hudson, or nearer Lake Champlain, have rung with the shouts of the school-boy at this splendid winter sport! It was introduced here among our skaters only a few years ago as a fit substitute for lacrosse, and many lacrosse men play the game. To the uninitiated it may be said that it is played with a flat block, made so that it cannot be hit into the air. In this it is not so dangerous as "shinny," in which the player must take his chance of a broken ankle or a blackened eye occasionally. Besides the game as played on the ice here has the merit of interesting the spectators, who eagerly watch the block as it is hurried about by the players. Each side endeavors to send it through his opponent's goal, and the goalkeepers try to keep it out, while the spectators' excited applause spurs the players to their utmost exertions.

Tobogganing, or Indian-sleigh sliding, is another Canadian sport, and is entitled to foremost rank as such. It is less vigorous, but fully as exhilarating as snowshoeing, while there is an excitement in it because of the apparent danger. It is not so hazardous as coasting, however, and is much more pleasant than the alarming "bob-sled." Sometimes the toboggan upsets its load, but they have not far to fall, and are only rolled together unceremoniously. This load, let it be understood, may be three or four ladies and the steersman. The toboggan is a long flat plank of cherry or some other tough fibrous wood from one-eighth inch to one-



MOUNTAIN PARK TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

it goes wrong an inch or two to the left he strikes hard and deep with the left hand and his stick dragging along the snow answers as a brake in bringing the head and front of his craft level again. The same process is reversed if he veers to the right. This class of steering requires a cool head, unflinching nerve, and a quick eye, as, if the flying toboggan gets once fairly off the correct line a foot or two, it is almost certain to spill the occupants. Then the fair damsels will go head-over-heels in unpoetic confusion. Sometimes, with the very youthful people, there is a charm in thus being mixed up, and there is quite a science in the proper upset into a soft drift. As a rule, though, no such diversion is tried by the elder gallants; no, he is considered a muf who upsets his ladies, and deserves it, too. When a conceited fop gets above his depth in any direction he is to be pitied, but when he makes his appearance, on an unmanageable toboggan, he is truly in a lamentable position.

Now he goes sideways, then backwards, utterly helpless, while his ladies scream with terror, and the flying toboggans of experienced men which follow him have all that they can do to keep from running into him. He has lost his steering sticks, and hope fails. The cold perspiration that runs down his back ends only when the crack of doom comes, and some one runs into him. Over the whole party goes into the snow. Then he tries to smile and make the girls believe it to be part of the sport. Sometimes he runs into a tree and smashes his craft to splinters and bruises his head. He never knocks his brains out. Fops never have any. But the man who shamelessly steers his party to the bottom assists his ladies to rise, and, chatting pleasantly, the party slowly make their way back again for another slide, shaking the snow from skirts and bloomers, for these are often worn, and are very comfortable.

The "Tales of the Toboggan" would not be a bad title for a story, and would form a companion to the "Romance

quarter inch in thickness. It may be three or six feet in length, or more, and in breadth a foot to two feet. It is ribbed across at intervals for strength, turned up at the front end to describe a half circle, while along each upper side is a light hand-rail running along its entire length and placed about an inch or more above the plank. A cushioned seat may embellish the toboggan or not, at will. Most of them have excellent cushions. Having arrived at the crest of the hill, or slide, the toboggan is placed pointing toward the steep decline, and a lady takes her place in front, and holds on by the dashboard, as it may be called, or strings. Next to her, and behind, may sit another lady who clasps her companion's shoulders. A third lady sits next, and behind her the steersman, who may—gallantry is always permissible—throw his arm around her to steady her. Generally he has enough to do to take care of himself. "That one is having a good time," said a well-known New Yorker last winter, who saw a toboggan careering down the Montreal slide. The steersman was using one foot to steer with, while with an arm he held the toboggan, and with the other thrown gracefully around the form of a lady fair, steadied her as he would have done in a waltz. The toboggan came nearer, and the auburn curls floated gracefully over the shoulder of the blanketed form. "He's doing it well," continued the General. Nearer came the toboggan, and the blue eyes of the lady could now be seen sparkling with the excitement of the quick descent. "Gemmini; it's my own wife!" shouted the General, and the laughter was loud and long in that party. It was the lady's first slide, and she wanted more; with the General in front, induced at length to risk it, they made the descent again and again.

Although the steersmen of to-day usually steer with the foot, after the coasting method, the orthodox toboggan steering is done with the hands. The steersman sits at the stern with his face to the front of the toboggan. In each hand he carries firmly grasped a sharp-pointed hickory or ironwood stick about six inches long. He must keep his craft straight for some given point, and if

of the Snowshoe." Possibly they are yet to come. There goes the throng; all life. Flashing eyes, more lovely to the beau than the stars; slow, very slow, steps retraced to the slide top, solicitations for the feminine comfort, the strong arm around the graceful form, and the wish-ish-ish of the toboggan, as its friction on the snow grates on the ear. It is the only known grating sound that has any sentiment about it. Perhaps "grating" unjustly describes it. But, to come back to practical matters, the novice had better steer left shoulder forward, with the right foot thrown out as he does in coasting. It is easier and safer.

In the "good old times" the toboggan parties were of the primitive order. There was not quite so much style about them, and no necessity for erecting the wooden slides of to-day. These are splendidly arranged. On gala nights they are aglow with light. Lamps hang in rows the entire length of the Mont-



THE BARREL RACE ON SKATES.

Ice Palace.

O Palace of marvellous beauty and light,
Like a shrine of enchantment thou art to the sight
As sparkling with pride 'neath the Son's fond caress
Thou bluest with love's conscious joyful excess.

Ten thousand bright jewels, from Neptune's realm won
Compose thy weird structure, where daily the sun
And nightly the Moon, in turn sparklingly play
Through each lunar ripple and bright solar ray.

Like some ancient temple upreared to the Sun,
As chaste as a fair bride, as pure as a nun,
Result of stern winter's imperious commands
Fitting tribute to it in these northern lands.

Thy empire, O ice king is stern and severe,
But it has rare pleasures which all hold most dear.
We, our loved winter pastimes to greet thee convoke
And the goddess of health with thee daily invoke.

In gleeful assemblage, we now celebrate,
Thy reign, through toboggans, curling, snow-shoes and skate,
And cutting along to the sleigh-bells blithe sound
O'er rivers, and meadows and snow-mantled ground.

Then hurrah for the Palace, the ice king, the snow,
Around them let mirth and hilarity flow,
Hurrah for our Governor, country and main.
God bless our beloved Queen, and long may she reign.

H. S. BATTERSBY.

Our Illustrations.

Many of these will have been recognized for what they are ere this meets the reader's eye, at least by Canadians; but for the benefit of our friends who have not recognised them, and to whom the Carnival is a revelation, a word or two will not be amiss. The cover represents a young gallant steering his fair charge down the steep, while he looks anxiously straight to the front to see the course he must steer, the lady is looking back at a small puddle which has scampered after its mistress. The picture is heightened by its dark chocolate tint

The first page shows a capital sketch of Old Canada and Young Canada. The figures are those of hale old age, and he stands looking down at the younger Canada as if wondering what he will be twenty years hence. The youngster stands with both hands in his sash, as though in trower pockets, and he looks at his senior as if he were impatient to be as big, as sturdy, and as capital a snow-shoer. There seems to be a spring about the young fellow from his moccasin to his jaunty tuque that speaks volumes for him.

May he be all he promises and may we have a nation like him.

The third-page picture represents the curlers at their game, and is an interior of the Thistle Curling Club's Rink. In one place is the "skip" who commands his players, and who calls upon his fellow curlers to "scoop" (sweep) her up, if the stone is not coming fast enough to reach the place he wishes to have it. The ice is thus swept to give the stone smooth ice to run upon. A group stands near the "tee" watching the coming stone, while the bystanders are stretching their necks to see the result of the shot. In another place a player has just taken his shot, and the stone is sliding quickly along the ice. On the other side a number of curlers are playing at a second rink, and altogether there is a good deal of animation in the sketch.

The Tuque Bleu toboggan slide forms another full-page sketch on page 4. It shows the slide, which is arched and ornamented with evergreen, and which is animated with the presence of scores of ladies and gentlemen. It is night, and the lamps are alight, while the glow from the bronzed or camp fire lights up a group of gay youths who stand around it to warm themselves. The coasting scene occupies page 5, and shows a large number of boys and girls in the full enjoyment of the exciting sport. It is, perhaps, Côte des Neiges Hill. The sixth page contains the "living arch" through which His Excellency the Governor General is to pass on his way to the hotel, and from which scores of sturdy snowshoers give Her Ladyship a hearty welcome. The arch, or rather triple arches, is in the form of a beehive, and is surmounted by the country's flag. Each of the snowshoers is part of the arch, and holds a flag.

The driving scene and procession is admirably shown, the artist taking a wide range and the procession

of handsome sleighs and horses moving down Peel street, past the Windsor Hotel by way of D'Almeida and Cathedral streets towards the city. The garrison artillery ball, one of the magnificent events, occupies the eighth page. The ball room is at its liveliest, and the ornaments shown are all of the military cast. A dais, for the Governor, overlooks the gay throng, and the uniforms have a sparkling appearance. Panel pictures represent the entrance and a monogram of the Vice Regal guests with their Guard of Honor. The great masquerade at the Victoria Skating Rink makes an excellent picture, and the figures are admirably shown. The Mohawk Indian and the Mongolian warrior, the Jack Tar and the inevitable civilised Ethiopian, along with sprites and gnomes, harlequins and the mocked majesty of past centuries are very well shown, while the ice grotto is the central figure of the picture. The tenth page sketch shows the snowshoe doing 'cross country work, and the runners in the mountain steeple chase are evidently having a sharp struggle for the lead at the hill leading to "the Pines." This is the spot at which the runner finds that the worst of his race is done, and the rest of it is on the down grade, when he who can run may make up time for that lost in the mountain ascent. The snowshoers have, as will be seen, divested themselves of their blanket coats, in order to enable them to run with a greater ease. The Park slide on page 11, gives an idea of the Mountain Park Toboggan Club's preserve among the very best kept of the whole of the toboggan slides. The ladies seem to enjoy it. Hockey on the ice, on page 12, shows the old-fashioned game with new rules, and the men are striving for victory for the Club to which each side owes allegiance. The goal-keeper's attitude, and, in fact, the whole picture, gives the attitude of Lacrosse on skates. The Barrel Race, on page 13, shows the skating race in course of which the men are required to overcome obstacles. The barrels are without ends, and the skaters are shown in the effort to get through, the success and the failure, one of the contestants finding the barrel a slippery conductor, harder to manage than the skates. Page 14 is devoted entirely to the comic side of the Carnival. The sketches tell their own tale of the experiences, both of visitor and citizen.

real Club slide, and the tobogganers descend in long lanes flanked on either side by variegated lights. There are large and small lamps, some for ornament and others for use. They combine in a most charming and fairy-like spectacle, which must be seen to be appreciated thoroughly.

THE SKATING.

This is not peculiarly a Canadian sport; that is, we have no monopoly of it, and little needs to be said of it. Wherever frost is experienced, there also the skater exists. Owing to the heavy falls of snow, which we have in Lower Canada, our ice-bound waters afford us little scope for skating as the snow settles upon everything to the depth of several feet. Nevertheless, there are here and there patches of good ice on all the ponds created by melted snow freezing. It is not so much about outdoor as indoor skating that a word or two may be said. In Montreal are several rinks, the largest of which is Victoria, on Drummond street. It is among the largest on the continent, and is in splendid order. Most of the other rinks are in parts of the city where they attract the youth of both sexes, and gaiety and merriment are the ruling features. Every rink has its patrons, and the rivalry is very great, both as to skating and variety of masquerade entertainments. These rinks supply the place of dancing parties, and parents who would not allow their sons or daughters to attend a ball or assembly give free and cheerful consent to the young people who spend a few evening hours at the rink, skating to the music of a good band. At the Victoria rink, the conveniences are very great, and the subscribers represent the rich and well-to-do classes, improperly called aristocratic, in this democratic Dominion. The fancy-dress parties are unrivalled. Gentlemen who have done the continent of Europe declare that nowhere, even in St. Petersburg, are there better skaters or greater variety of entertainment. To stand on the platform of a dress evening and watch the ever-changing scene is to imagine that here are delegates from all centuries, races, conditions and ranks of nations, and even animals above the earth and under the earth, for angels and sprites are plentiful, while ghouls are numerous, and there is always an odd devil in the miscellaneous throng.

TROTTERING ON THE ICE.

Trotting on the ice may truly rank among Canadian winter sports though it is not exclusively Canadian. In Montreal the sport has been all that can be had during the winter months, unless we include the social drives; and it is well known that "horse" men do not affect social drives to any very great extent. A capital course is generally laid between the Bonsecours Market and the Custom House, and every winter the fast horses are there driven with light cutters behind them. There are three days of the sport during carnival week and two thousand dollars given in prizes.

THE CURLERS' ROARIN' GAME.

Curling may be described as a naturalised game, borrowed from Auld Scotia. Robert Burns' countrymen cling naturally to Scotland's traditions, but more tenaciously do they adhere to her manly sports—the one being part of the other, perhaps. There are likely to be several hundred keen curlers here from all parts of the continent, and their competition will last through the week. Their rinks will be managed by local curlers; and while there is nothing of a spectacle about the game, except to those who understand its mysteries, it affords amusement to those who watch the players as they ply their busy brooms, sweeping the ice clear of obstructions in front of the stones as the players slide them along in course of the game. It is to the Scotch what bowls or skittles are to the Englishman, except that there is a good deal more skill and science required in playing it. It is called the "roarin' game" because of the peculiar roar or ringing sound the stones make when used on ice in the Highland glens, and which echoes through the little valleys and among the hills until it grows much louder than the original noise.



Tobogganing.

Hurrah! hurrah! for an evening's sport,
Exciting, healthy and free,
Over the mountain to the famous slide,
Where all are in highest glee.

We've Indian moccasins on our feet,
With hose of female fame,
White knickerbockers of blanket cloth,
And capacious frock the same.

With tamed *tugue* and tasty sash,
Fringe floating at the side,
The picturesque costume's complete;
And merits the tobogganer's pride.

The ladies, too, in a conservative way,
Adopt the blanket white;
And in tiny moccasins, embroidered neat,
They've a merry step and light.

How gleams the trees, so snowy white,
As we climb the mountain side:
Iceicles deck their leafless limbs,
Like pearls on a fair young bride.

Now we impatiently wait our turn,
At the start, by the open gate,
To launch our craft on the icy steep,
And learn its uncertain fate.

Away we go, in moonlight sheen,
Over the frozen snow,
Through the frosty air that tists the cheek
With nature's ruddy glow.

Loud rings the laugh through the joyous crowd,
At a collision here or there;
While tassels on the jaunty *tugues*
Are tossed in the evening air.

Think you we dread our winter's snow,
Or its compeer, keen, sharp frost?
No! on his grand domain we gather,
He's our entertaining host.

FRITZ.

Montreal, January 16, 1884.



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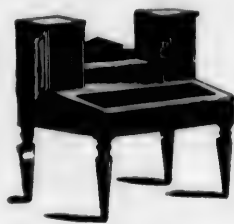
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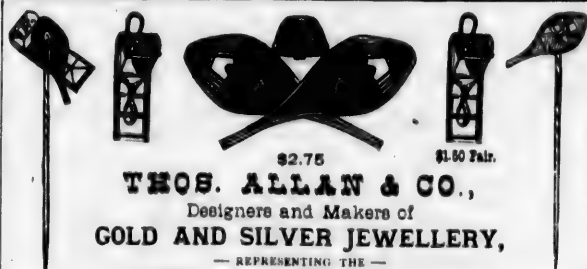
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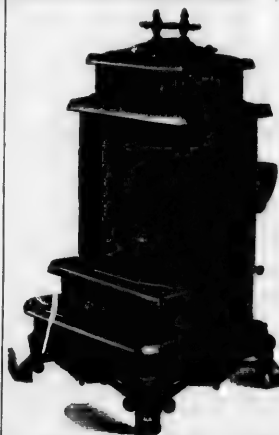
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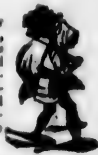
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The Hotel is under the immediate personal supervision of Mr. Hogan, than whom no one is better qualified to conduct an hostelry of such magnitude as the St. Lawrence Hall, and than whom no one has gained a better reputation as an obliging, generous and considerate host.

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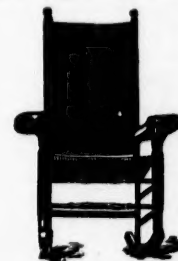
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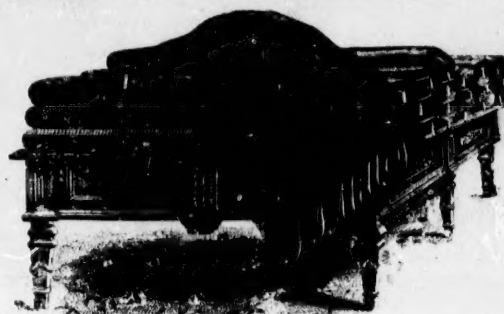
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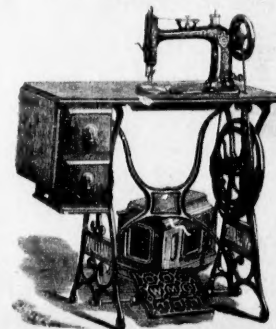


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